

Boss Hogg Outlawz

"Stay Fly Flow"

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(*talking*)

G'eah what's up with it, Boss Hogg Outlawz
It's your boy, Slim Thugger
And this, the motherfucking Outlaw season
Boyz N Blue, y'all sit back fire up some
Good motherfucking dro, to ride to that G shit huh

[PJ]

PJ mayn, gotta wreck this track
Kappa coming up, gotta wet this Lac
Fiends want work, gotta sell this crack
Bitch better bring me, no less than a stack
Sipping on yack, while I puff on dro
Sitting on my side, is a thick fine hoe
Bout to jump fly, slide up in the Mo'
Let this hoe know, she better get my do'
Moving these bricks, state to state
Black stamped, Peruvian weight
I'm a hustler, and you's a fake
Fuck the FED's, I'm moving weight
Haters hate, cause I'm on top
Mad at me, cause I don't stop
Stacking knots, and snatching bops
So I ride around, with that plastic glock
Niggaz look strange, when I come around
Cause I represent, the Northside of town
Moving ki's, and moving pounds
Making these bitch niggaz, lay it down
Boss Hogg Outlawz, that's my set
Blue and white diamonds, up on my neck
Niggaz gon hate, but I demand respect
Fuck with P, and your ass getting wet
From 5th Ward, to Acres Home
Got some killers, that'll blow your dome
From Greens Road, to Homestead
Got some killers, that'll bust your head
All my real niggaz, get your do'
When a bitch jump fly, nigga hit the hoe
Got a lil' money, then get some mo'
Listen to the way, I spit the flow

[Sir Daily]

Like Thug and Three 6, I gotta stay fly
Puff on a lot, so you know I stay high
Butter buck seats, in my ride when I ride
Waves in my head, like I just caught a tide
First class seats, everytime when I fly
VVS diamonds, in my chain hanging down
Hoe cake niggaz, can't claim my town
And if they got plex, I'm bring my pound
Release my rounds, then I'ma burn off
Whipping up work, can't burn my soft
And if you got work, don't turn down South
Trying to make a sale, then you getting broke off
Cause niggaz got masks, and K's and glocks
And hit your stash, for yay and stocks
So watch what you say, and play about
Real down here, Sir Daily I'm out

[Kyleon]

Killa nigga, and I'm chilling at the top mayn
Got work, if you niggaz trying to cop caine
Nice shot, when a nigga pull a glock aim
Riding down, 45 in a drop thang
22 inch shoes, and my coupe gray
Cause I gotta stay fly, like Juice J
Balling like MJ, I'm a deuce trey
Get out of line, AK'll spray your toupe
Fuck with Killa Kyleon, and you'll get killed
Top looking like bananas, get your shit peeled
I don't know what you heard, but this shit real
I'll lay a nigga down, like a fifth wheel
Yellow stones on my wrist, keep my shit chill
Freeze time, make a nigga shit sit still
Cold with the flow bro, and my shit ill
You ain't know, I'm running H-Town this year

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